This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver Sea,
VVhich ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this Earth this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Chriſtian ſervice and true Chivalry,
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborne *Iury*
Of the worlds ranſome, bleſſed *Maries* ſonne.
This Land of ſuch deare ſoules, this deare deare Land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
VVhoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the envious ſiedge
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
VVith Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conque others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe.
Ah, would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Buſhy, Greene, Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Coalts, being rag'd, doe rage the more.
Qu. How fares our noble Vncle, *Lancaſter*?
Ri. VVhat comfort man? How iſt with aged *Gaunt*?
Ga. Oh how that name befits my compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
VVithin me griefe hath kept a teadious faſt,
And who abſtaines from meate, that is not gaunt:
For ſleeping England long time have I watcht
VVatching breeds leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt:
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feed upon,

Is

Is my ſtrict faſt, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
VVhoſe hollow wombe inherits nought but bones.
Rich. Can ſicke men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gau. No, miſery makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe:
Since thou doſt ſeeke to kill my name in me,
I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
Ric. Should dying men flatter thoſe that live?
Gau. No, no, man living flatter thoſe that dye.
Ric. Thou now a dying, ſayſt thou flatter'ſt me.
Gau. O no, thou dyeſt, though I the ſicker be.
Rich. I am in health I breathe, I ſee thee ill.
Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I ſee thee ill:
Ill in my ſelfe to ſee, and in thee, ſeeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no leſſer then the Land,
VVherein thou lyeſt in reputation ſicke,
And thou too careleſſe patient as thou art.
Commit'ſt thy annoynted body to the cure
Of thoſe Phyſitions, that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy Crowne,
VVhoſe compaſſe is no bigger then thy hand,
And yet encaged in ſo ſmall a Verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer then thy Land,
Oh had thy Grandſir with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his ſonnes ſonne, ſhould deſtroy his ſonnes,
From forth thy reach he would have layd thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
VVhich art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelfe,
Why (Coſin) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this Land by leaſe:
But for thy world enioying but this Land,
Is it not more then ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy ſtate of Law, is bondſlave to the Law,
And ——
Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priveledge,

Dar'ſt